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Notes and Documents

An Unrecorded Critical Response to Pope's *Imitations of Horace* by William Popple, c. 1755

Stuart Gillespie

In Bodleian MS Douce 201, one of four dispersed folio volumes which contain professional scribal copies of the later literary works of William Popple (1700-1764) in a form evidently intended for the printer, are three dialogues 'between a certain R. R. [Right Reverend] Doctor of D—y and A Critic', headed as follows:

Dialogue the First, on the first Satire of the second Book of Horace Imitated by Mr Pope (fols 122^r-133^r)

Dialogue the Second, on Mr Pope's first Epistle, to the Lord Bolingbroke (fols 134^r-154^v)

Dialogue the Third, on the Second Satire of the second Book of Horace Imitated by Mr Pope (fols 155^r-164^v)

The first and last of these extensive discussions, none of which were printed in Popple's time, or have been printed since, are among the earliest critical works to address Pope's *Imitations of Horace* (first published 1733-8). They are closely related to Popple's own complete sequence of Horatian imitations (also largely unprinted) of the 1750s, explained in his Introduction to them as an attempt to apply Pope's 'method' to the whole Horatian corpus.¹

¹ See my article 'An English Version of Horace's *Odes*, *Satires*, and *Epistles* by William Popple (1700-1764)', *T&L*, 16 (2007), 203-33. This ambition is set out by Popple in a passage given on p. 211 of this article.

Popple, who as a playwright in the 1720s had been a minor target of Pope's in *The Dunciad*, pursued a career at the Board of Trade, eventually becoming Governor of the Bermudas in 1747. He also became, more in private than in public, a devoted admirer and emulator of Pope as a satirist as well as a Horatian imitator.

The two interlocutors in both of the 'Horatian' dialogues, whose non-fictional status is insisted on in the 'Advertisement to the Reader' preceding the first, are labelled 'Critic' and 'Doctor'. The 'Doctor', it emerges, has published an edition of Pope's works, and offers to be questioned in his capacities as a publisher, annotator, commentator, and critic. The quotations of which his side of the dialogue is largely made up confirm that the 'Doctor' is a portrait of William Warburton, Pope's friend and early editor. Hence these dialogues embody a direct critique of Warburton's editorial presentation of several of Pope's works, from a few years after Warburton's edition first appeared in 1751. Warburton's DD was awarded in 1754, which presumably indicates the earliest possible date for the composition of the dialogues.¹ As becomes apparent, the 'Critic' can be identified with Popple himself: the discussions express his questions and doubts, both general and local, about Warburton's presentation of Pope's *Imitations*. This is to say that these dialogues are, in the first instance, a critique of Warburton's edition of Pope's Horace, and a far more extensive one than any contemporary printed source supplies.

The discussions have more than one dimension, however. They sometimes range over Pope's Horatian work at large, asking, for example, what genre these imitations belong to, and, centrally, probing the nature of the relationship between the Latin and the English poems. The two individual imitations particularly addressed, Satires 2.1 and 2.2, are made occasions to discuss this relationship: what has Pope taken from Horace, where improved on

¹ Warburton had been offered an Oxford DD in 1741, but the offer was withdrawn. His eventual degree was awarded from Canterbury by Archbishop Herring.

him, and where fallen short or moved to one side? Individual lines and passages are analysed from these and other angles, taking as the point of departure Warburton's line-by-line notes. Doctor and Critic, as will be seen, finally fall out irreconcilably. Since the starting point is Popple's dissatisfaction with Warburton as a commentator on Pope's Horace, and since the figure of Warburton cannot significantly add to or modify the remarks the edition contains (because Popple is determined to confine himself to using these alone), it is inevitable that he will fail to satisfy his interlocutor.

In the full transcriptions of the two Horace-related dialogues which follow, most scribal contractions are expanded; punctuation is lightly revised (for example to reduce superfluous quotation marks); and bold is used for Gothic lettering. Water damage to the lower corner of the leading edge of the folio has led to small lacunae which can often be confidently filled in; all the lacunae and editorially supplied material are signalled by square brackets. Quotations from Pope's *Imitations* are given line numbers if not already identified in the discussion. The pervasive quotations from and allusions to Warburton's critical remarks are not referenced if they can be found attached to Pope's *Imitations of Horace* at the line(s) under discussion, but where no particular passage is being discussed, or where the remarks are taken not from Warburton's commentary but from elsewhere in his edition (such as its Advertisement), they have been identified in footnote references to *The Works of Alexander Pope, Esq: In Nine Volumes Complete* (London, 1751; hereafter 'Works, 1751').¹ There is one indication that Popple used, or used in addition, the 1754 printing (see note on p. 000, below), closely based on that of 1751. Quotations from Pope's own notes and paratexts are generally referenced from the 1751 edition too.

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¹ I.e. Griffith 653, the small octavo edition (ESTC T005433).

Dialogues between a certain R. R. Doctor of D—y and A Critic

Advertisement to the Reader.

The method of instructing, arguing, and criticising in *Dialogue*, is of great *Antiquity*, and the best adapted for conviction of any. But the misfortune is, that the *Writers* are generally byassed by their own opinions, and seldom urge the arguments on both sides, with equal fairness.

The following *Dialogues* being genuine, are not liable to this general exception. The words set down in them, are most of them, the *identical words* of the *Interlocutors*, except here and there some few, merely *introductive*, or *connective*.¹ The sense *their's*, without the least addition, strain, or violence. When or where these conversations passed I need not inform my *Readers*, but this I can assure them, that I had them from *their own lips*. How far the *public* may be *edified*, I cannot take upon me to judge; However in my humble opinion, when so *learned a Man* as our R^t. Rev^d. condescends to argue, he deserves *attention* and *notice*.

* * *

Dialogue the *First*, on the *first Satire of the second Book of Horace Imitated by Mr Pope*
<1 line #>

¹ This is true of the Doctor's words in the simple sense that the comments attributed to him are taken from the notes in Warburton's edition. As far as the Critic's remarks are concerned, with one passage below excepted, Popple is not, as far as is known, drawing on some previous discussion of his composing, but this is hardly necessary for his claim that he is using his own words.

Doctr. “Whoever expects a *Paraphrase of Horace*, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in Mr Pope’s Imitations, will be much disappointed.”¹

Critic. Why so, my learned Friend? I thought one might have expected one, or other, in so excellent an Imitation.

Doctr. Not at all Sir – “our Author uses the *Roman Poet*, for **little more** than his *canvas*.”

Critic. His *canvas*? Pry’thee explain thy self.

Doctr. “If the old design, or coloring, chance to suit his purpose, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony.”

Critic. I did not know there was any design in a **canvas** before, or any *colouring* except the priming, if that may be called so.

Doctr. No Sir! Why “that is the reason why Pope is so frequently *serious*, where *Horace* is in jest[, and] at ease, where *Horace* is disturbed.”

Critic. Indeed! Well – I vow I never shou’d have found that out.

Doctr. Yes, “and he regulates his *movements*, no further on his *original*, than was necessary, for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of the *reformation of manners*.”

Critic. You surprise me! Let me see if I understand you right. In the figure you use, *Horace* stands for a **canvas**, or little more, that is, a piece of cloth primed, which serves for a *ground* for Painters, to draw, and lay, their colors on. This (excuse me) is paying a poor compliment to *Horace*, even with the **little more**, you allow him to be: You then go on, and say, “if the old design, or coloring, suits his purpose, *Pope* uses it, if not, without scruple or ceremony, employs his own, and this very often makes

¹ *Works*, 1751, IV, 51; the ensuing quotations from Warburton, down to the first quotation from Pope’s imitation, are all drawn from the same discussion on the same page.

Pope serious, when the *canvas* (*Horace*,) jokes, and at ease, when the *canvas* is disturb'd, and to sum up all, *Pope* regulates his *movements* (a new figure though more applicable to *Mechanics* than a *Painting* or *Poetry*) no further than was necessary for his concurrence, in their common plan of reformation of manners."Doctr.

Undoubtedly, "for had it been his purpose to paraphrase an antient *Satirist*, he had hardly made choice of *Horace*, with whom as a Poet he held little in common besides a comprehensive knowledge of Life, and manners, and a curious felicity of expression." No. No, "the serious gravity of *Persius*, or the caustic lightning of *Juvenal*," would have suited him better.

Critic. Say you so my Friend? But stop a little – as to serious gravity, I comprehend that very well, because I never knew of *any gravity*, but what was *serious*; But as to *caustic Lightning*, I think the figure rather too bold.

Doctr. Perhaps it may; but to keep to what I set out with, I tell you "that this sort of *Imitation* (I mean Mr Pope's) is of the nature of a *Parody*, it adds reflected grace, and splendor, on original wit."¹

Critic I thank you for this information; I always esteemed *Parody*, as a kind of *burlesque*, consisting in applying the verses of one Person, by way of ridicule, to another; or in turning a serious work into burlesque; as *Ausonius*, *Scarron*, and *Cotton*, did different parts of *Virgil*, or giving a tragic Scene of distress to Persons, who cannot be supposed equal to such passions, or forming a ridiculous distress, and treating it with the pomp of a real one. The French [...] to this species of *Burlesque*, the taking off the Voice, Manner, Gesture, Tone, and Look of the *Actor*; and We have borrowed it of them: But I never yet knew that *Parody* "reflected Grace, and *splendor*, on original wit."

¹ From Warburton's 'Advertisement', *Works*, 1751, IV, 37.

Doct^r No? you have a great deal to learn Sir. However I still insist upon it, “that *Pope* deem’d it more modest, to give the name of *Imitations* to his *Satires*, than, like *Despreaux*, to give the name of *Satires*, to *Imitations*.”¹ Do you think He called them *Imitations of Horace*, from any resemblance, they bore to the *original*?

Critic. However **modest** it might have been in Mr Pope to have done so, his *modesty*, I believe, wou’d have suffered at being told, that his *Imitations of Horace* had nothing of his *genius* or *manner of writing*. But will you take his own word for it, “The occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the clamor, raised on some of my (Pope’s) *Epistles*. An answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more *dignity*, than any I could have made in my own Person.”² These words I think need no comment.

Doct^r You will be convinc’d, when you read my Notes on them. We will begin with the first *Satire* of the *second Book*. *Horace* simply says, “*Trebatius what shall I do?* *Pope*,

Tim’rous by nature, of the rich in awe,

I come to *Council* learned in the Law.

[7-8]

Horace here is a mere *canvas*, as I said before.

Critic Your pardon Sir; I think him in this place rather the *Protogenes* of *Pope*, than the *canvas* for him. *Horace* drew the *Circle*, and *Pope* like *Apelles* color’d it. You know *Prior*’s tale.³

¹ *Works*, 1751, IV, 37. The satires of Nicholas Boileau-Despreaux were well known to English readers as well as French.

² Quoted from Pope’s original ‘Advertisement’ to his *Imitations*, *Works*, 1751, IV, 35.

³ Matthew Prior’s poem *Protogenes and Apelles* is a version of a well-known anecdote concerning the friendly rivalry of the two contemporary painters, in which one so happily

Doct^r This is mere cavil – But now to shew you his *true meaning*, “the delicacy of this does not so much lie, in the ironical application of it to himself, as in its seriously characterizing the Person for whose advice he applies.”¹ Don’t you perceive the *stroke*?

Critic *Vivent les Commentateurs*, for turning **plain sense**, into **dark-meanings**! I should have no difficulty in conceiving this application if the lines warranted the construction; but I confess I see as little irony in the first verse, as intention of characterizing in the second. A plain common *Reader* would think Mr *Pope* was really, what he says of himself, and wou’d imagine Mr *Fortescue* to have been a *Lawyer*, as the words import. He would want **your penetration**, to discover this hidden delicacy, and will no doubt be much obliged to your [Notes, for] this information. Mr Pope wrote [to readers] in general, and not to a few **choice Spirits**, to exercise their *Critical Talents* on. This *delicacy* would have been quite lost to *posterity*, and in my poor judgement, the plain sense wou’d have done as well; for it is very natural, to ask advice of *Council*, when a Man is about publishing a Work, that may create him enemies.

Doct^r Well; but there is no *Imitation*.

Critic Yes but there is – *Horace* applied to an eminent Lawyer in *Rome* – Mr *Pope* to one in *England*, and both on the very same *Subject*. The design suited Mr *Pope*, he found it *on the canvas*, and pursued it, as you say, “*because it suited him*.”

colours in a ‘perfect line’ drawn by the other that ‘Paris’ apple stood confest’. Thus in the Critic’s ‘the *Protogenes* of *Pope*’ Horace is viewed not only as Pope’s starting point, but as setting his parameters too, rather than being his mere ‘canvas’.

¹ Pope confirmed to in a letter to William Fortescue of 1733 that he had portrayed him as Trebatius.

Doct^r But you must confess that “He has omitted the most humorous part of the answer,

- Peream male, si non

Optimum erat –

and has lost the *grace*, by not imitating the conciseness, of

verum nequeo dormire.”

Critic As to the first, I must own he has omitted to say it, *in so many words*; but if there is any humor in it, in my opinion, it is an humor, more honor’d in the neglect of it, than the observance; at least there is no great elegance in saying “hang me, if it wou’d not be best”; And as to the second, I cannot be of your opinion, that he has lost any grace that conciseness can give, by assigning a *reason*, why he cannot sleep; For though conciseness, when clear, may have all, that you say of it, yet too bald a concisenesss becoms flat, and for my part, the two following lines,

I nod in Company, I wake at night,

Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

[13-14]

have to me *beauty* and *humor* in them, which would not have disgraced his original.

Doct^r Well – “But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls short of it.”

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.

Why, if the nights seem tedious – take a Wife:

Or rather truly, if your point be rest,

Lettuce and cowslip-wine; Probatum est.

[15-18]

Critic I am very unfortunate to differ with you, for I think these lines have neither wit, poetry, nor humor in them, and have not the least resemblance with the original.

In this place he seems to be a **canvas** himself, spread over a fine sketch of *Horace*.

Doct^r You must confess however, there is a [...] “pleasantry, on the novelty of the prescription[’], or something to make a Man sleep, in the two next lines,

But talk with *Celsus*, *Celsus* will advise

Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.

[19-20]

Critic It may be a *pleasantry*, as you say, but it is pretty much upon a par with *Mons^r Dacier’s* who finds a wonderful *pleasantry* in *Horace’s* making a famous *Lawyer* write a *Recipe* like a *Physician*. But it may be said of you, as you say of Mr *Molyneux*, and Mr *Locke* (whose judgment was, that “except *Milton*, all our English **Poets** have been mere *Ballad-makers* in comparison of Sir *Richard Blackmore*”), such “judgments made by Men out of their own *profession*, are little regarded.”

Doct^r You grow scurrilous -

Critic Not at all Sir – I am only **pleasant** as you say. *Criticism*, and *Poetry*, are not your profession; you have been very free with Mr *Molyneux*, and Mr *Locke*, for stepping out of their’s, why should you expect any more mercy than you show yourself?

[Doct^r] Come – no more of this, it grows offensive.

[Critic] I have done Sir, and to make amends, return you thanks for informing me, whose *Horse* it was that *Budgel* celebrates in the two following lines,

Or nobly wild, with *Budgel’s* fire and force,

Paint *Angels*, trembling round his falling *Horse*?

[27-8]

though, in my opinion, you had better have spared the *comment*, and Mr *Pope* the *line*, for the remark only leads us, by looking into the original, to condemn your favourite *Author* for reversing the Image presented in making the *Horse fall* instead of the Rider, without adding *any beauty* to the description.

Doct^r I understand you – But you must allow that the business of an English **Critic**, besides explaining **dark facts**, is to shew when *words* are put in for the sake of **rhyme**, and when not; as for example,

Abuse the City's best good Men in *metre*,
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in *Peter*.

[39-40]

“*Metre* is not used here, purely to help the verse, but to shew, what it is a Citizen esteems the greatest aggravation of the offence.”

Critic You have done your best I confess, but some strange Fellows will be apt to think notwithstanding, that the word *Metre* came in very luckily to draw with *Peter*; Will you excuse me – don't you think so yourself? And own the truth.

Doct^r What do you take me for?

Critic One that can *varnish over a bad cause* as well as any body – come – come – even if it wanted an apology, and that out of good nature you gave it one.

Doct^r No, Sir, it wanted none.

Critic Not so much I own as the next Hemistic

- What should ail them. -

[41]

In the name of *Elegance* would any *Poet* have made use of such a low expression as “what shou'd ail them”, if it was not for the sake of honest Balaam.

Doct^r This is abusing *Pope* not me.

Critic Not at all Sir – I only observed how much you stickled to save the word **metre** from false constructions, and how generously you gave up honest *Balaam*, to all the severity of *Rhyme-Catchers*.

Doct^r Will you be serious?

Critic With all my heart – and to give you an immediate proof of it, I tell you seriously, that as a faithful *commentator*, you shou'd have observed on the two following lines,

(Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, *Darty* his *Ham-pye*)

[45-6]

that the Gentleman's name whom Mr *Pope* celebrates here, was not *Darty*, but *Dartiquenave*, as all the Commentators on *Horace* and *Juvenal* have done in like cases; instead of which you give us a bon mot of his, but do not tell us his name. Your anecdote however is *ad hominem*, for Mr *Dartiquenave* was both an *Epicure* and a *Man of wit*, and lov'd to joke as well as to eat.

Doct^r Come leave this triffling. To shew you that I am not partial to my Author, I say, that the following line,

Like in all else, as one Egg to another

[50]

“has neither the justice nor elegance of

- ovo prognatus eodem.

for though it may appear odd, that those who come from the same Egg should have *temper* and *pursuits* directly contrary; yet there is nothing strange, that two Brothers, alike in all things else, should have different amusements.”

Critic I cannot for my Soul perceive any want of justness in the *Imitator*, any more than I can the least truth in *your remark*. *Horace* spoke of the *Twins of Leda*, according to the old fable; *Pope* must be supposed to speak of *Twins* likewise, or the comparasion wou'd be impertinent. Two brothers born of the same Woman at different times, may without any great matter of w[...] have very different humors, tempers, inclinations: But that *Twins* nourished with the same juices, fed with the same food, and *born at the same instant*, shou'd so differ, may be allowed to occasion some little speculation, especially in Men who have little else to busy themselves about, but to pry into the *secrets of Nature*, and show their own *ignorance* in not accounting for them. But the joke all the while is, that neither *Horace* nor *Pope* ever dreamed that their *Egg* was to be *garnished* with such curious observations when served up. *Horace* says,

- ovo prognatus eodem. —

merely because it is more *poetical*, and fill'd the measure of the verse up, with elegance: And *Pope*,

Like in all else, as one *Egg* to another;

purely for the sake of that trite saying - “as like as one Egg is to another”. But neither of them ever thought, I dare say, of such a *shrewd Comment* as you have made. 'Tis a *hard-Egg*, digest it as well as you can. I have likewise half a mind to find fault with your Note on verses 56, 57, and 58,

Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.

In this impartial glass, my Muse intends

Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;

([Pope ref])

[Doct^r] Do - do - shoot your bolt - shoot your bolt - some bolts are soon shot.

[Critic] Your note is, that these words,

The medium must be clear

“are an allusion to a fountain of *limpid Water*, through which the contents of the bottom are discovered”. And your observation, that “this thought assisted him in the easy and happy change of the metaphor in the following line”. *Non peream male* as *Horace* says, or *hang me* in plain English, if I can see any more *allusion* in the words (*clear medium*) to a fountain of limpid water, than to any other transparent body whatever - nor is it within the compass of my conception, how it cou’d assist him any more than any other *medium*, in the so surprizingly easy and happy change of the *metaphor*.

Doct^r You are resolved to find fault, whether I praise, or blame my *Author*.

Critic How can I help it, if you do *both wrong*.

Doct^r Wrong! You’re very plain methinks.

Critic I shall be plainer still - What a remark of yours is this, on verse 63,

My head and heart thus flowing through my Quill.

Doct^r Why is it not *inferior* to the *original*?

Critic O yes - any *Latin School-boy* could have seen that without your remark - your business as a Critic should have been to have taken notice of this gross [pair] of metaphors. A “head and heart flowing through a Quill” is the **ne plus ultra** of *metaphorical writing*. I have heard of doing *something else* through a Quill, but this is the first time I believe that ever a head and a heart flowed through so narrow a passage. However you have made some satisfaction for it in your next *remark* on the following lines,

Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,

Papist or Protestant, or both between,

Like good *Erasmus* in an honest mean,

[64-6]

only I think you should have *shewn* that both-between, instead of between-both, was not changed for the sake of the *rhyme*, but put in for *mere elegance* of expression.

Doct^r I shall endeavor to keep my temper.

Critic Keep your temper! what does the *Man* mean? for my part I intend nothing but a little *harmless raillery*; If it hurts you, Tant pis, vous aurez deux peines: Celle de vous facher, et celle de vous defacher. I am quite an idle fellow, and as I have no business of my own to mind, shall be as troublesome to you, as ever *Damasippus* was to *Horace*, or *Cibber* to *Pope*. Pindarum quisquis who will for me, I

- apis Matinæ

More, modoque,¹

shall content my self with an *humbler walk*, and (by way of *Parody* on your favourite Poet)

Beat the low *paths* where grov'ling *Folly* lies,

And palt the little critics as they rise;

Laugh when I hit them - mark them when I can -

But pin the tell-tale *Ears* upon the *Man*.²

Doct^r A pretty design this of yours! I suppose Sir, you have no small opinion of your parts?

¹ Horace, Ode 4.2.27-8. The Critic rejects a Pindaric model, invoking instead Horace's modest bee among the Matine Hills.

² See *Essay on Man*, I.13-16: 'Eye Nature's Walk, shoot Folly as it flies, | And catch the Manners living as they rise; | Laugh where we must, be candid where we can, | But vindicate the Ways of God to Man. 'Palt': 'to beat strike, or knock down' (*OED*).

Critic A Man of very slender parts might run through such Comments and Notes as yours, and never sweat for it. The design however is much better than scribbling trifling and impertinent *Notes* on a *Poet* scarce cold in his grave, who wrote of *Persons* at that time *living*, and in his mother Tongue.

Doct^r It seems the *Poet* himself thought otherwise.

Critic The poet lov'd *flattery*, and you had given him a sketch of your Talents that way. But - pry'thee tell me, and don't be angry - what are we to learn from this wise note of yours, on verses 81 to 84, both inclusive,

Slander or Poison dread from *Delia's* rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page,
From furious *Sappho* scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her *Love*, or libell'd by her hate.

Doct^r “Why is there not more spirit here than in the original[?] But it is hard to pronounce with certainty. For though one may be confident there is more force in the 83^d, and 84th lines than in

Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;
yet there might be something, for ought we know, in the Character or History of **Cervius**, which might bring up that line to the spirit and poignancy of the 82^d verse of the *Imitation*.”

Critic Why what do we learn from this, but “that you are not certain whether the lines are *better or worse than the original*”. A matter of great importance to the public! And this note on verses 97 and 98,

(Whether the darken'd *room* to *Muse* invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the *skew'r* to write:)

Doct^r “Well, and is not this a *wanton joke* upon the terms of his Original”,

- Quisquis erit vitae color.

“Did not *Pope* take the hint of a darken’d room and white-wall from the word *color* in the original”?

Critic A most ingenious Comment truly! - what a fertile *Genius* Mr *Pope* had, who from the bare word **color** cou’d so wantonly strike out two such astonishing *Images* as *a darken’d room*, and a *white wall*! not forgetting that most beautiful introduction of the *skewer*.

O Rem admirabilem! Credite posteris.¹

[Doct^r] Have you done?

[Critic] If I was to observe upon each Note, I believe I never shou’d. I shall therefore point out two or three more, and then leave you to your defence.

Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,

Will club their Testers now, to take your life!

[103-4]

Doct^r Well, and I insist upon it still “the Image is exceeding humorous, and, at the same time, betrays the injustice of their resentment in the very circumstance of their indulging it; as it shews the *Poet* has said no more of their *avarice*, than what was true: Our *Author*’s abundance of wit, has made his Readers backward in acknowledging his talent for **humor**. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flows with ease, and the other is always placed with *propriety*”. – I shou’d be glad to know, with all that vein of *humor* and *archness* you pretend to, what have you to say to this?

Critic Who I? – Nothing, but that I cannot discover **any humor at all in it**.

¹ ‘O rem admirabilem!’: ‘O wonder’. ‘Credite postieri’: ‘Believe it, future generations’ (Horace, Ode 2.19).

Doct^r How! no *humor* in making such rich Men club only their Tester apiece to take away the *Poet's* life!

Critic Gad so! - you are right - I did not see it before - The **humor** lies in the **Tester**
 - The offer of a Tester from a Man worth one hundred thousand pounds is **high humor**, and deserves a note indeed - I beg your pardon heartily - there is both wit and humor in it - "the one flows with ease, and the other is placed with propriety". - Your next note on verse 100 to 120 staggers me,

P. What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty Men;
 Dash the proud *Gamester* in his gilded Car,
 Bare the *mean heart* that lurks beneath a Star;
 Can there be wanting, to defend the cause,
 Lights of the *Church*, or Guardians of the *Laws*?
 Could pension'd *Boileau* lash in honest strain,
 Flatt'ers and *Bigots* ev'n in *Louis'* reign?
 Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage,
 Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a rage?
 And I not strip the gilding off a *Knave*,
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, *no man's heir*, or *Slave*?
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this and *tremble!* you who 'scape the *Laws*.
 Yes, while I live, no *rich* or *noble knave*
 Shall walk the *World*, in credit, to his grave.

Doct^r Well! and is not this, "not only superior to *Horace*, but equal to any thing in himself"?

Critic Faith I think *Pope* not only superior to *Horace*, but to any *Poet* that ever wrote, except one.

Doct^r Pray who is that Sir?

Critic *Little Bayes*¹ *Egad*.

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare;

And all this I can do, *because I dare*.²

It is great I own, but not so civil.

[Doct^r] What! Do you compare such a rhodomontado fellow as *Drawcansir* was, to such a *Champion* for *Virtue* as Mr *Pope*?

Critic No Sir - He only puts me in mind of him a little - but I really agree with you that he goes a bar's length *beyond Horace*, in taking to **himself** the *character Horace* gives to *Lucilius*, and with such heighten'd aggravations too: and that he *exceeds himself*, or to make use of a phrase once in vogue, "that he out-does his usual out-doings"; But I can by no means agree with you, that these two lines,

To *Virtue* only and her friends a Friend,

The *World* beside may murmur, or commend.

[121-2]

lose any thing of the *spirit of the original* - first, because I differ with you in opinion that the word *amici*, relates to **Scipio** and **Laelius**, except in the general, as Friends to *Virtue* – and secondly, because if it did relate to them only, a bare compliment to a

¹ Dryden, who as Poet Laureate was known familiarly as 'Bayes'; his enemy Tom Brown dubbed him 'Little Bayes'.

² This couplet, a well-known jibe at or parody of Dryden's heroic plays, is spoken by the hero Drawcansir in Buckingham's play *The Rehearsal* (1671).

Friend however justly made, has not half the *spirit* as such a noble generous *Truth*,
unapply'd to any, though applicable to all.

Doct^r I begin to be tired, and must tell you, however free you are pleased to be with
me, that I cannot bear your taking such liberties with **Mr Pope**.

Critic I respect Mr *Pope*, but I do not esteem him, like the other at *Rome*, infallible,
even in *poetry* – But **why** do you point out as **beauties** parts, which according to
Horace's rule, are at best entitled to *forgiveness* only, and which a good-natur'd
Reader, in consideration of his many beauties, would pass over? What a remark (since
you provoke me) do you make on these two lines,

Envy must own, I live among the Great,
No pimp of *pleasure*, and no *Spy* of *state*.

[133-4]

Doct^r Why “does not *Horace* make the point of *honor* to consist *simply* in his living
familiarly with the Great,”

Cum magnis vixisse invitæ fatebitur usque

Invidia –

and “our *Poet*, more *nobly*, in his living with them on the footing of an *honest Man*” –
he prided himself in this superiority, as appears from the following words, in a Letter
to *Doct^r Swift* – “to have pleased great Men, according to *Horace*, is a praise; but not
to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater.” Now, what can
you object to this?

Critic I – Nothing – but that there is not one *word of truth* in the observation. *Horace*
does not in this place, make it the only point of *honor* &c: He only only says, that
though he had neither the *rank*, *fortune*, not *parts* of *Lucilius* (consult *Dacier* in

locum) yet that he lived familiarly with the Great. *Horace* indeed in another place says,

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est:

but *Horace* does not make it the only point of honor, as you charge him with; and I am sure *Horace* might say this with more truth than Mr *Pope* cou'd, "that he never flattered nor displeased the Great" – for no *Man* ever did *both* oftner.

Doct^r It grows late.

Critic One word more and I have done. I am astonished, after all, that you should miss observing on such a smart stroke on the *Lawyers*,

Consult the Statute, quare I think it is,

Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

[*Pope* ref]

Here was a fine field for observation! Here was a stroke at the *Lawyers*!

Doct^r Sir – I have listened to you with more temper than is usual for me to do – And as I am afraid I shall not be always able to *command myself*, must request the honor of *declining* any farther conversation or acquaintance with you.

Critic Allow me but one conversation with you on *Pope's Ethics*, and I will give you no more trouble.

Doct^r I want none with you, and desire no conversation at all.

Critic I shall not force myself into any Man's company – But, if we should chance to meet again, the public shall be acquainted with what passes between us – When that happens, I am afraid,

The **trifling Commentator** will be hiss'd,

The Judge (**the public**) laugh, and I dismiss'd.¹

* * *

Dialogue the *Third*, on the *Second Satire of the second Book of Horace Imitated by Mr Pope*.

<1 line #>

Critic Will you give me leave to ask you one question?

Doct^r Provided it be a short one, and that you will take my answer without making any reply.

Critic Do you esteem yourself a bare *Publisher* in this Edition of *Pope's Works*, or wou'd you be look'd upon as a *Critic*?

Doct^r A Man must have a strange head to ask such a question!

Critic My reason is, that if I am to look upon you as a mere Publisher of Mr *Pope's Works*, to which you have thought fit only to add here and there a *Note* for the ease of the Reader, I shall give my self no trouble about them or you – but if you intend your *Notes* as **Criticisms**, I shall be very **free with both**.

Doct^r Suppose I shou'd not clear up your doubts?

Critic Why then I shou'd follow my own judgement, and look upon you as a **very bad Critic** – I only wanted to have it from your own mouth.

Doct^r Why then Sir, to be as explicit as I can, I am not only *Publisher*, but *Annotator*, *Commentator*, and *Critic* too.

Critic Which shall I attack first?

Doct^r Take your choice – Not one of them fears you.

¹ Adapted from Pope's concluding lines 155-6: 'In such a Cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd, | My lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.'

Critic Well then, I will ask the *Critic* (for neither the *Publisher*, nor the *Annotator*, nor the *Commentator* say one word of it) why Mr *Pope* left so many lines out in the beginning of this *Satire* – one or other of them, if they did not know the real reason, should have given us their *Conjectures* about it – Many Readers as well as my self no doubt have been surpriz'd at it.

Doct^r Some folks are easily surpriz'd.

Critic Well – I shall not dwell upon that – The Annotator has begun to give us a specimen of his judgement, so early as the fifth line, in the preference he gives to the english Imitator.

Doct^r Why! are not these lines,

Not when a gilt *Buffet's* reflected pride
Turns you from sound *Philosophy* aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

[5-8]

“more forcibly and happily expressed than the original *acclinis falsis*?”

Critic Far from it – I think the Lines of *Horace* turned into the plainest of *prose*, infinitely more elegant. His words are - “Not amidst the splendour of shining sideboards, when the Eye is dazzled with the Lustre that breaks from them, and the mind led on by false impressions, refuses the higher entertainment of the understanding” - the word *aside* in the english, is palpably put in for the sake of the *Rhyme*, and does not half express the effect produced by such magnificent spectacles. Then the *Eye-balls rolling from plate to plate*, and the *brain dancing to the mantling bowl*, are **little images** in comparasion of the

Cum stupet insanis *acies* fulgoribus

and is cutting a *Diamond* to pieces to observe the **sparks**.

Doct^r You are beginning again with Mr *Pope*.

Critic If I do, it is owing to your *unnecessary remarks*. Cannot you let Mr Pope's lines speak for themselves?

Doct^r May not a Publisher or a Critic observe on the beauties or defects of his *Author*?

Critic Yes; but he is neither to *praise* nor *blame improperly*, nor make comparaisons injudiciously, between the original, and copy - which you have done in sundry places.

Doct^r Shew me! shew me!

Critic Why on the **barbecu'd Hog**.

Doct^r "What! does not the *Poet* here give a beauty equivalent to that in the Original,

Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino,

which, by the slowness of the Syllables, where four spondees follow one another, well expresses the enormous bulk of the fish which the *Glutton* pray'd for?"

Critic No - the beauty of the Original lies, by your [admission, in] the four spondees in the Line, which expresses the [enormous] bulk of the fish he prays for - This observation is ***Dacier's*** and *not yours*; though with great modesty you deliver it, **as such** - The question between us is, whether the Line you remark on "gives a beauty equivalent to that in the Original, which consists (according to Dacier) only in the heaviness of the spondees" - *an equivalent beauty* in the English shou'd be raised on the same Principle. Mr *Pope* in his Essay on *Criticism*, has given instances of this kind of *beauty*, derived (*ceteris paribus*) from the same principles, Mr *Dacier*, and you after him, trace it in *Horace*. Of which take the following Lines,

A needless *Alexandrine* ends the song,

That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Soft is the strain when *Zephr* gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shoar,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When *Alax* strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The *line* too labours, and the *words* move slow.

Now, if you can shew me that this line

Cries send me Gods, a whole Hog barbecu'd

[26]

has any thing in the sound, expressive of the weight of the Hog, as in the Latin the cadence does of the fish, I will allow the justness of the note; if not, excuse my freedom, it is a very foolish and impertinent one. Of the same kind is your Note on the word *blast*,

Oh! blast it, South-winds! till a stench exhale

Rank as the ripeness of a Rabbit's tail

[27-8]

Doct^r Why - has that *word* the force, or does it give the pleasant allusion, in the original, **Coquite**?

Critic That **coquite** comes from **coquere** to *cook* or *dress*, is certain: What pleasant humor you may discover in making *Horace*, turn the **Winds** into **Cooks**, is to yourself! *Horace*, *Dacier*, and *Pope* carried their Ideas no farther than to vent their indignation at such *Gluttons*, and desire the south-winds to corrupt or taint their meat - But tell me, where is the reason, you take such a pleasure in shewing **Mr Pope's** *inferiority* to his *original*? It is but an **ill return** to the Compliment he made you to publish his *Works*!

Doct^r I do not see that *Gratitude* should tie up the hands of *Criticism*.

Critic But where was the necessity to tell the World that these Lines,

Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,

I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;

Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend;

I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

[41-4]

“does¹ not reach the *force* and *humor* of *edixerit* and *parebit* in the original lines” - especially as I will make it appear, that if there is any vein of *humor* worth a note in this place, *Pope* has the preference - the only humor in *Horace* is the ridicule of supposing any one cou'd be so absurd, as to recommend *roasted Di-dappers* as an excellent di[nner,]

Si quis nunc *mergos* suaves *edixerit* a[ssos,]

Parebit pravi docilis *Romana Juve[ntus.]*

and the still greater, that all *Rome* shou'd [change to this] way of thinking: for, as to your making the *humor* lye in the words *edixerit* and *parebit*, though you stole the hint from a critical note of *Dacier's* on the words, he finds no wit in these words, and only tells the Reader “they are terms of Law used in *Edicts* &c” - Now let any one say, there is not as much *humor* “in extolling a Cat fed with Oysters, and making a party at the Bedford head to eat it, or cracking live Crawfish” (a practice used by Men of humor, who mix *live*, and *drest* *Crawfish* to catch some greedy Parasite who mistaking them among the drest, gets his fingers pinched in taking them up) and pleasing some Men of fashion, with the *humor* of it, as there is in *Horace's* roasted Di-dappers, and I will give up the point.

¹ So ms.

Doct^r Your assurance astonishes me!

Critic It will astonish you much more before I have done. Think, and blush, at your
next note on,

Avidien, or his *Wife* (no matter which,

For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch)

[49-50]

Doct^r Well!

Critic Well! And is there “more wit and dignity in the real Billingsgate of these two
lines, than in *Horace*’s simply saying, that *Avidienus* on whom the nick-name of *Dog*
given him from his *churlish sordidness* sticks? Come - own it is a false, as well as an
absurd remark, for, though one may give **wit**, it is impossible to give **dignity** to
Billingsgate!

Doct^r Well, but you will own “He has added surprizing humor and wit to the easy
elegance of the Original, in rendering these lines,

Vides, ut pallidus omnis

Cena desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum

Herternis vitiis, *animum* quoque prægravat una,

Atque affigit humo *divinae particulam auræ*”

Critic I will own there is *wit* and *humor* in the English, but I must confess my self
astonished it shou'd meet with your approbation, as it contains the strongest *abuse* of
the *City* and *Clergy*, though principally of the latter - An author who entertained the
Town about 25 years ago, has touched upon this passage (in a Letter from a
correspondant) - His words, better than any thing I can say, will show how well Mr

Pope deserves your commendation for it.¹

“I can tell Mr *Pope*, that had the *Latin Poet* taken the liberty to reflect in such manner upon a Company of *Cives Romani*, met together at a feast, or a *College of Priests, Pontifices, Saliars, or Flamines Diales*, he wou’d certainly have been noted for it by the Censors, and perhaps banished; as poor *Juvenal* was for a less offence. And yet the *Pontifical Cænæ* (Dinners now) and *Dapes Saliars*, were luxurious, and expensive, and dubious; that is, *various* to a Proverb. The whole is plainly his own; and if ’tis not a Libel, let any body tell me what it is. Do but see what a Representation! Every Mortal, whether *Worshipful* or *Reverend*, at their respective Feasts, stuffing and *gormandizing* till they sta[gger], till they are sick and ready to sp-e, till they lose the [use] of t[heir] understandings, and degenerate into [...] room left to imagine, that there may possibly [be some other] amongst them, cautious, and moderate, and fearful, lest the Waiters shou’d doubt of his Soul’s *immortality*. Now, if We can but suppose, that two or three such may be found there, ’tis a *Libel*, and I’ll maintain it, *contra omnes gentes*.”

Horace only says, that after a Night’s debauch, one finds one’s self the next day much disordered, our Spirits flag, and that particle of *divine breath*, our Soul, sinks into Earth. He does not point, as you say, his ridicule against any Idea, or terms, *Plato* made use of, concerning the nature or immortality of the Soul. Such a far-fetched conceit in the first part of this curious Note of your’s, and such a strange

¹ The following paragraph does not appear in any printed source, and is no doubt taken from Popple’s own correspondence. He fits well the description of ‘an author who entertained the Town about 25 years ago’, his plays *The Lady’s Peerage* and *The Double Agent* both belonging to the mid-1730s.

commendation of the Poet in the latter, for abusing the *City*, and *Clergy*, cou'd never come into the brain of any but a *mad*, or *addle-headed Man*.

Doct^r I thank you for your *Compliment* - Perhaps you will find fault with my saying that these lines,

On morning wings how active springs the Mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?
Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;

[81-6]

are much happier and nobler than the original.

[Critic] To speak the truth, the English lines are excessively pretty - the images *Pope* gives in lieu of those *Horace* employs, are very apposite, spirited and well chosen, but I can by no means think them *happier* or *nobler*: nay if any preference is to be given, I think the “dare Membra sopori”, the “surgere vegetus ad præscripta munia” - the “tenuatum corpus” and the “tractari mollius aetas Imbecilla” - carry it against the *coming Muse*, the *search of truth*, and *search of rhyme*, which are *Pope's* additional images. If I had a mind to play the Critic, I shou'd say, that *M. Pope's* second line,

That leaves the load of yesterday behind.

is either *gross*, or *nonsensical*. - *Horace* is making a comparaisn between the *intemperate* and *abstemious Man* - The word *hesternis* belongs to the former, and shou'd have kept its place, *Horace* gives it. To say of an *abstemious Man*, that he rises after leaving the load of *yesterday* behind, is saying, that he *took in a load*, which is flat nonsense, or, that he *discharged it*, which is grossness - your next *remark*

is of a piece with that *incomparable talent* you enjoy, above all Men, of *finding meanings in an Author which he never had*.

Doct^r Why, is not what *Pope* says on the search of *truth* and *rhyme* - “a fine ridicule on the extravagance of human pursuits; where the most trifling and most important concerns of Life, succeed one another, indifferently?”

Critic *Pope* had no more intention of observing on that mixture of important concerns, and trifling pursuits, which you pin his ridicule on, than he had susp[itions of] your ever treating his Works, in the m[anner you have] done, by your running from *praise*, to *cens[ure]*, and from] *Censure* to *Praise*, by so strange a *mixture* of both!

Doct^r I have heard you with great temper, but I think myself obliged, to tell you the reason.

Critic I should be glad to know it.

Doct^r Know then, I bear it, because I most sovereignly condemn you.

Critic That is, I am beneath your resentment - you hold up your Leg, like the generous Mastiff, in scorn of such *yelping Curs*.

Doct^r The comparaisn hits both ways.

Critic Well enough that - But to try it a little farther, your next remark on these words

Cur eget, indignus quisquam, te divite?

is, that the *paraphrase* of it,

Of *Impudence of wealth!* with all they store,

How dar'st thou let one *worthy man* be *poor*?

[117-18]

“is **admirable**,” and beats *Horace* all to nothing - As to the *paraphrase*, it consists only in these words - **Oh impudence of wealth** - for all that follows in these two lines is literal. How it comes to be **so admirable**, is *a mystery to me!* As to his *beating Horace* - “by excelling the most finished touches of his Original, when he keeps to his sentiments”, if this is one of those *finish’d touches of Horace*, it does not lye in the expression (for it is as unadorn’d a Line as any) but in the beauty of the *sentiment*, and that wanted no height’ning from the addition of “**impudence**”, as a quality of wealth - You then go on and say, that this knack of *embellishing* (and, by that, of *excelling his original*) has occasioned an invidious imputation on *Pope*, as if his chief talent lay in “copying finely”, and close the whole with saying - “that if there is an inventive genius in *poetry*, it was *Pope’s*”.

Doct^r Why have you the confidence to *deny invention* to **Pope**?

Critic I wou’d not rob Mr *Pope* of any character he has justly established, but I wou’d not have him *praised* for what was no part of his Character at all.

Doct^r What! no *Invention*!

Critic No - None - If you can produce one capital piece of *Pope’s*, which he owes to his own *Invention*, I will give up the point. Give **Pope** the merit of *execution* - give him *fancy* - *fire* - *imagery* - *description* - *language* - you give him what he deserves - Give him *Invention* - you give him what no one piece he wrote ever intituled him to. - To begin with his *Pastorals* - These I presume will not entitle him to the appellation of an *inventive Genius* - his *Windsor Forrest* was pre-plann’d for him in *Sir John Denham’s Cooper’s-Hill* - His Ode on *St Cecilia’s-day*, he owed to *Dryden* - His two Choruses on the Tragedy of *Brutus*, to Antiquity - His *Essay on Criticism* to *Horace*, *Boileau*, [*Rosco*]mmon and others - His *Rape of the Lock* to [*Tassoni*, *Boi*]leau and Doct^r *Garth*; the *Machinery* of [the poem, to] *Gabalys*, and the *Rosicrucians* - *Eloisa*

and *Abelard*, to *Historical Anecdotes*, and *Ovid* for manner - His *Temple of Fame* (as he acknowledges himself) to Chaucer's *House of Fame* - the *Essay on Man*, and *Ethic-Epistles*, to *Philosophy*, a long intimacy with *Lord Bolingbroke*, and perhaps a noble *emulation* to rival *Lucretius*, in couching *Philosophy* in *Numbers*; and as to the manner, to *Horace*, to whom likewise, his *Prologue* and *Epilogue* (as you call them) to his *Satires*, and the *Satires* themselves, may be ascribed, as to the *inventive* part - His *Dunciad* was not his own invention - it is a *mock-Epic*, no new thing, in which in some places he imitates *Homer* and *Virgil* chiefly, and in others, the satirical vein of *Horace* and *Juvenal* - These, for I take no notice of his smaller pieces, in which I will freely allow *invention*, but not enough to make him "the most inventive Genius that ever was" - are his *capital Works*, and not one of these, are the produce of that power called *Invention*.

Doct^r Pray Sir, will you oblige me, since you will not allow *invention* to Mr *Pope*, to let me know, what you do allow him?

Critic That I will Sir, and with the same *cordial* regard to *truth*, as when I deny him *Invention*: By *Invention* I mean, being **original**, either in *plan* or *subject* - I allow Mr *Pope*, *Genius*, [*Fan*]cy - *Fire* - *Force* - *Satire* - *Humor* - *Imagery* - *Description* - *Wit* - *Pathos* - *Language* - and to crown all, great *Execution* in each - I allow him to be an accomplished **Poet**; to have possessed all these excellencies, and I am sorry to add, to have broke through *each*; for I will, if you insist upon it, quote passages, in which his *Genius* flags; his *Fancy* palls - his *Fire* and *Force*, are mere *outward blazes* - his *Satire* and *Humour*, scurrility, and low buffoonery - his *Imagery* quaint - his *Descriptions* false - his *Wit*, tart, ill-season'd - his *Pathos* bluster - and his *Language* bad - but what Poet is otherwise? Has one single Poet ever been perfect?

Shakespeare has numberless faults, so has **Pope** - but if they had ten times more,

their *Works* will for ever *stamp* the name of **Poet** on them; and if it was not for some **wrong-headed, prying, encomiastic Critics**, who will **praise** in the wrong place, or others **Snarlers**, who find fault with *beauties* they cannot taste, their faults wou'd be passed over, or accounted for by the good-natured Readers, and their beauties remain the objects of our own admiration.

Doct^r And so Sir, you wou'd ascribe your present abuse of Mr *Pope*, to my praising him for *invention*.

Critic Why faith, if a muddy-brain'd *Critic* will commend a *Poet*, for the only *Talent* he had not, it will provoke one's spleen - prythee now, make out if you can, the great merit of Mr *Pope* in turning a fine Compliment (for which notion you are obliged to *Dacier*, though you give it as y[our own], or as] as you call it an *oblique panegyric* into [a piece of] of *Satire*? - Hang me if I can see any [satire in the Line,]

Shall half the new built *Churches* round thee fall?

[119]

unless it is on the *builders* of the *Churches*, and then it is quite foreign - If Mr *Pope* had said that the *Money* appropriated for building new *Churches*, had been wasted, and squander'd away on other matters, there had been a shew of *Satire* - But this the words will not bear. Your next observation is on this Line,

And, what's more rare, a *Poet* shall say *Grace*.

[150]

“The pleasantry of which consists in the supposed rarity of a Poet's having a *Table of his own*; or a sense of gratitude for the blessings he receives. But it contains, too, a sober reproof of People of Condition, for their unmanly, and brutal, disuse of so natural a Duty.”

Doct^r Well, can you object to these observations?

Critic Can I? – yes faith – and to speak my mind, do tell you, that it is the most impertinent, and false *remark*, that ever was made. In the first place, neither *Horace* nor Mr *Pope* give the least hint “at the rarity of a Poet’s having a *Table of his own* – or his wanting *Gratitude*.” Neither text, nor context, afford a possible *Deducibility* of any such thing – Horace describes *Ofellus*’s prudent abstemious Life when alone, and when some neighbors drop’t in, to make them welcome, he used to add a barn-door-foal, or a kid, with Grapes, Nuts, and Figgs – after which a round of healths, thanks, and a prayer to *Ceres* – Mr *Pope* describes himself at *Twittenham*, happy, the Year round, with *Mutton* and *Brocoli*; and when his friends came, adding only *Gudgeons* and *flounders*, Bansted Mutton, Hounslow *Poultry*, Walnuts, Grapes and Figgs for their entertainment; and with a natural, and easy pleasantry, which has no object but his being a *Poet*, says as above,

And, what’s more rare a *Poet* shall say *Grace*.

Now out of this *plain* and pretty *description*, which both give, have you *deduced*, by means of that *penetrating Talent* into the *Arcana* of **double-entendres**, which shines **so conspicuous in all your Works**, “pleasantry and sober reproof”, in things neither *Horace* nor *Pope* ever thought of.

Doct^r I think you cannot reproach me with want of *patience*.

Critic Continue with it till I make one remark more, and then I’ll give you, as patient an hearing – You say “That the turn of his imitation, in the concluding part, oblig’d him to diversify the sentiment. They are equally noble: but *Horace*’s is expressed with greater force.”

Doct^r Well? And can you deny it?

Critic Deny it? – certainly – *Horace* and *Pope* both shew, that we cannot safely call our own, our own, as so many accidents make Lands and Wealth pass away from the present Possessor – *Horace* says,

– nulli proprius; sed cedet in usum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. Quocirca vivite fortes;

Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

Pope, after giving some modern instances in [his imitation, adds,]

“Let Lands and Houses have what [Lords they will,]

Let us be *fixt* and our own *M[asters still].”*

[179-80]

If you can find a Diversity of Sentiment in the two *Poets*, for my part, I must confess I cannot. If *Horace*’s language is more raised, or figurative, the sentiment or *moral*, in both, is the same.

Doct^r Have I leave now to speak?

Critic Ay – Ay – begin.

Doct^r Why then, in the first place, I think I have stood with great temper, for these two hours, to hear myself most scandalously abused - to be told - that I have not made one just *remark* - to be reproached with *ingratitude* to Mr *Pope*’s memory - to have made **Notes** derogatory to his *Genius*, which I needed not to have done, with many other flowers of *Billingsgate Rhetoric* - If I thought the world would give any credit to what you say, I would take some trouble to answer you, but as I am perswaded, none but the *Beotian Phalanx*,¹ of which I think you deserve to be Captain, will pay any

¹ The phrase is quoted from Warburton’s remarks on his antagonists in his ‘Advertisement’ to his complete edition of *Pope*: ‘Of all that gross Beotian phalanx who have written scurrilously against the Editor, he knows not One whom a writer of reputation would not

regard to it, I shall leave you to the contempt of the World, and beg to have no further conversation with you, upon any account whatsoever.

Critic Keep out of my way then, and in the mean time, allez vous en les piès en l'air, et vous ne perdez pas vos Guêtres – I know you understand and love French, but for the sake of the English Readers who may not – “walk upon your head, and you won't lose your stockings” - Adieu.

wish to have his enemy, or whom a man of honour would not be ashamed to own for his friend.’ This passage does not appear in 1751, but was added in Warburton's extended ‘Advertisement’ in the 1754 printing (I, x).